

An extraordinary article by a well-known woman which is a frightful warning. In . . .

Next Sunday's Journal

Strangest creature ever seen dredged up from the deepest hole in the ocean. Picture in . . .

Next Sunday's Journal

## REED FIRES THE FIRST GUN; THE BATTLE IS ON.

Hanna, in New York, Is Marshalling Forces, Holding Councils of War, Giving Orders to His Generals.

But the First Shots in Maine Are Aimed at 16 to 1 Banners, and Tariff Talk Is Relegated to a Rear Position.

General Harrison to Have a Command in the West, Horr a Division Under Him, and Soon the Fight Will Rage from Coast to Coast.

The political battle is on. Commander-in-Chief Hanna has opened headquarters in New York. General Harrison, ex-President of the United States, has consulted the war chief, and will have a command in the West, after he returns from the Adirondacks, whether he goes this morning. Roswell G. Horr will have a division under him.

General Thomas B. Reed took no part in the councils in New York City, but he is already in the field. Yesterday he fired the first gun for the ticket by a long speech on the stump in Maine.

Committees and sub-committees have said, "After we do so and so, the campaign will begin. The nominees must receive official notification," etc. But they are behind the train of political events.

Mr. Reed, by the way, does not follow McKinley's advice. At the York County (Maine) Republican convention he made a financial argument, aimed a broadside at 16 to 1 banners. The tariff took second place. The Republican commander-in-chief will have his forces out at once. The preliminary firing in Maine will soon develop into battle all along the line, from the Pine Tree State to the Golden Gate.

Alfred. Me., July 20.—Thomas B. Reed, Speaker of the National House of Representatives, made his first speech of this campaign this afternoon before an audience of several thousand people.

The occasion was the Republican County Convention. Curtis Guild, Jr., of Boston, also spoke. The first utterance of Mr. Reed since the national convention in St. Louis was received with great enthusiasm.

Mr. Reed spoke as follows:

"If I were to give you advice to the people of the whole United States I should take this time to do it. Just now there is a great deal of froth and foam in the air, and some time is really needed to disclose clearly to every eye how much of it is the result of the temporary breeze which stills at nightfall, and how little there is of that heavy round swell which shows that great elementary forces are at work. How suddenly all this rush and stir has set itself into action. Two months ago no man in any standing would have risked his reputation as a prophet by hinting the slightest doubt of Republican success. Four years of actual trial of the opposition, under the guidance of its best and twice-trusted leader, had left no shadow of question as to public duty. However far the Republican party might have fallen short of perfection, nevertheless all men felt that it was the best party, just now, to draw nigh to for whatever is to be left to us of sound government, commercial success and business prosperity."

Hard Task to Rebuild. "On that we were all agreed, some of us who were Democrats, regretfully, for we all ante to be classed with the unsuccessful whose condemnation is at hand, even we gain by the change; others of us who are Republicans, cheerfully, but without hesitation; for we know how hard the task is to be to rebuild out of the ruins of the last four years the stately mansions of national happiness, prosperity and self-respect, wherein our people lived until that unfortunate election of 1892."

"Two months have slipped away—hardly time to ripen a strawberry, much less a system of finance—and there are those who tell us that all things have changed, that those very men who were being arrayed for decent burial had burst the ceremonies of the grave, and transfigured by some new arrangement of crowns of thorns and crosses of gold were to lead us to a new happiness, and even repair all the damage they themselves had wrought."

Blunderers Will Blunder Again. "Now this may be so, but to me it does not seem probable. Human experience in every walk of life teaches us that those who have blundered will blunder again, and that the wisest course is not to employ a ship captain who has not yet emerged from his last shipwreck, but the safe sailor, who has never lost a ship, a passenger or a letter, but who has sailed safe through every sea."

"He may have lost mast and sails, and even been rudderless for hours, but if he has every time come safe to shore, better have him than all the landmen who are forever shouting what they can do, and never dare to tell of what they have done. Boasters are worth nothing. Deeds are facts and are forever and ever. Talk dies on the empty air. Better a pound of performance than a shipload of language."

All Democrats Are Not Wrong. "But is it wise or just to class all Democrats together and to declare them all wrong, then announce they must be beaten because they are Democrats? That would be very unwise, very unjust, and senseless altogether. It would flout all history and especially our own. Parties are one thing, their individual members may be another. Parties seldom follow their best men. They follow their average sense."

"In real action there can never be but two parties, the creating party and the retarding party. The progressive party may be unwise in its progress, and the retarding party may be unwise in its conservatism, but both serve a good purpose, and when both the world slowly and

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## TO PROVE HER WIFEHOOD.

Lillian Allen Reynolds Begins Action Against Her Alleged Husband.

Claims He Is Heir to the Fayerweather Millions Through His Mother.

Gave His Name to Officiating Minister as Stark to Avoid Being Disinherited.

HIS ATTORNEY DENIES IT ALL.

Says Guy H. Reynolds Has Been Married to Another Woman for Twelve Years and Has a Son Eleven Years Old.

Suit has been begun by Lillian Allen Reynolds, through Howe & Hummel, for an annulment of her marriage to Guy H. Reynolds.

Mrs. Reynolds is twenty-six years old and is the daughter of Police Sergeant Allen, the old "Adonis of the force," who disappeared from his home one day five or six years ago and has never been heard of since.

She says that two Summers before her father disappeared she and her mother and sister left their home at No. 47 St. Mark's place and took board at the Empire Hotel, Saratoga. This was in 1887. Lillian was then seventeen years old.

She was introduced to Guy Reynolds, who at that time was living in his family home, in Rutland, Vermont. He was twenty-eight and exceedingly handsome. He said that his mother was Mrs. Fairweather's sister. He was a devoted suitor for the hand of Miss Allen, and she says represented himself to her as a single man.

In the Spring of 1888 he proposed that they marry secretly. After much persuasion she consented. They were united on May 21 by Rev. Charles Sidney Dudley, of Engelbridge, who had a charge in Amsterdam. The witnesses were Mrs. Alderman and Mrs. Amelia J. Cornell, both of Saratoga. The former is dead and the latter has written her affidavit on the back of Reynolds' photograph. He was married under the name of Guy Stark, and the photograph is the thing depended upon to identify him as Stark. The Rev. Mr. Dudley is deceased.

Not until two years later, in the Summer of 1890, did Lillian acquaint her mother with the fact of her marriage. The family lived at that time at No. 151 East Fifth street. After that the young people lived together as husband and wife in St. Louis, at the Windsor and Imperial Hotels in this city, in Meriden, Conn., where Reynolds was engaged in the onyx manufacturing business and in the Prospect Park Hotel in the Catskills.

In some of these places they were registered as Mr. and Mrs. Stark, in others as Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds and in others as Mr. and Mrs. Earle. Reynolds explained to his wife that the

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LILLIAN ALLEN AND GUY H. REYNOLDS.

She claims that they were married in Saratoga in 1888 and lived together until a few months ago, when his first wife inherited a fortune and he went back to her. Mr. Reynolds is said to be heir to the Fairweather millions.

## TOM REED BEGINS THE WAR IN MAINE.



McKinley's Great Rival for the Presidency Opens the Campaign in His Own State for the Republican Candidates.

## PLUCKY WOMAN AT THE THROTTLE.

Miss Natalie McNeal Runs a Locomotive Through Burlington, N. J.

She Is the Daughter of the Millionaire Foundryman of That City.

Edward Burd Grubb, Jr., a Society Favorite, the Stoker for the Novel Trip.

PAYMENT OF A WAGER HE HAD LOST.

Bartered Him to a Two-Mile Bicycle Race, Defeated Him by About Ten Yards, and Exact Two Hours' Work for It.

Society people of Burlington, N. J., are indulging in no end of tongue wagging over the escape of Miss Natalie McNeal, who manned a locomotive of the Pennsylvania Railway and made her cavalier do the work of a fireman while she presided over the throttle.

Miss McNeal is the nineteen-year-old daughter of Andrew H. McNeal, the millionaire who conducts the largest foundry in the State. She is probably the most popular woman living on the New Jersey side of the Delaware River. She is a prominent member of the East Burlington Presbyterian Chapel, in which she is the teacher of the principal Sunday school class. She is also the head of the exclusive set of Burlington society, and can ride a horse or propel a wheel with equal grace.

Among the visitors at the McNeal residence is Edward Burd Grubb, Jr., son of Millionaire Harry B. Grubb, a retired broker and ex-member of the New York Yacht Club. He is a nephew of Edward B. Grubb, Sr., of Edgewater, N. J., who was Minister to Spain during Garfield's administration. Young Grubb is about twenty-three years old, good looking and is said to be the possessor of a small fortune of \$4,000,000. On Monday afternoon that Miss McNeal was on her wheel, met young Grubb at the Post Office.

"I'll race you to the foundry," said Miss McNeal.

"What shall we race for?" he asked. "Well, if you lose, you must do two hours' work," she replied. The one-sided wager was made. Visions of two hours' work holding-knitting yarn or embroidery silk flashed before the young man's eyes, but he knew not what was in store for him. He did not want to lose the race, for he had never been guilty of doing two hours' actual work in his life, so he put more energy in his labor on the pedals, than he had ever done before. Miss McNeal, however, was more than a match for him.

The two miles along the Pearl street road to the foundry was covered in a very short space of time. The young woman managed to get a few yards ahead at the start, and

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## PORTO RICANS CALLED TO ARMS.

Revolutionary Address, Read in the Towns of the Island.

Urged to Rise Up and Throw Off the Yoke of the Spaniards.

People Preparing to Join Hands with Cuba in the Battle for Liberty.

Stirring Appeal to the Oppressed Colonists Issued by Dr. J. Julius Henna.

HARSH TREATMENT OF ISLAND

Wrongs Imposed Upon Them by the Span Masters—Taxed to Supply a Lazy Army of Office Holders.

A revolutionary address to the residents of Porto Rico was read in all the towns of that island yesterday. Advice from the island stated that the people are preparing for an uprising against Spain's oppression, and will join hands with Cuba in battling for liberty.

The Journal sent a cablegram to Porto Rico asking for confirmation of the report that the people were about to take up arms against Spain. No reply was received. To reach its destination the message would have to pass through Havana, and it may have been stopped at that point by Captain-General Weyler's agents. The address to the Porto Ricans was issued by Dr. J. Julius Henna, of New York City, the president of the Revolutionary Committee of Porto Rico in the United States.

The Revolutionary Address.

The address reads as follows:

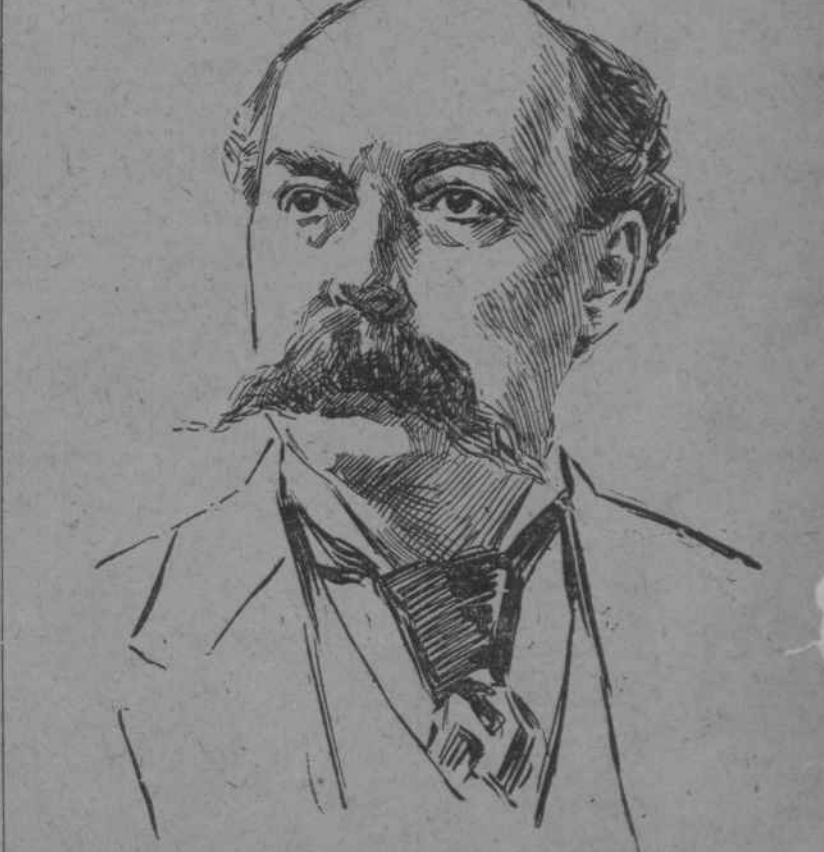
"To the People of Porto Rico: 'After many years' absence from that beloved land, where I first saw the light, I still eagerly follow you. Those events which may in any sense affect your prosperity or misfortune while she remains a down-trodden Spanish dependency and one of the last vestiges of an accursed colonial system."

"Accustomed as I am to the free institutions of this great American Republic, where the citizen is all-powerful and has actual representation because of the direct and great interest he takes in public affairs, and who, by virtue of his vote, constitutes an important factor in the regulation of the taxes imposed on the people, and because, also, he is deeply concerned in everything which tends to the common welfare, I cannot conceive how it can be possible, that, so near the shores of this classic land of liberty, the most old-fashioned and ignorant of European nations still carries on a mediæval form of government, thus embodying the absolute negation of the right of man."

"It pains me to think that Cuba—the heroic Sister Isle—has within the last third of the present century thrice arisen against the deprivations of this despotic system of government, and, while she sacrifices the precious lives of thousands of her sons, as well as her immense industrial wealth, in waging a desperate war for her emancipation. Porto Rico, who has suffered and still suffers even greater oppression, serves as a sort of footstool and shield for the merciless tyrant, thus affording a pompous argument to this tyrant to defend the so-called excellence of her ominous bondage."

Porto Rico's Prosperity.

"All the so-called prosperity of Porto Rico, and all the boasted surplus of her wealth serve but to tightly forge her chains, and not in the least to further her progress and well-being, nor to present her



Dr. J. J. Henna, Who Calls Porto Ricans to Arms.

The leader of the new rebellion against Spain lives in New York City. He was born in Ponce, Porto Rico, and while in his teens was driven out of his native land by the Spanish General Sanz because of his outspoken opposition to the tyranny of Spain. Dr. Henna is one of Cuba's strongest supporters, and hopes to see his own country also gain its freedom.